UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Noise! What to Do!

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Jefferson, Wilson, and the Democratic Party

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Except a Man Part with All That He Hath

By WILLIAM G. SIMPSON

Book Reviews

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

VOLUME CII NUMBER 12

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UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1928 NUMBER 12

BEHOLD THE MOTHER

INDIA!

Once didst thou shine like morning star,
And thy light was upon the paths of nations in the night!
The Ancient Glory? Where is it! Oh where?
Where are the Kshtriya-souls of old?
The warriors of the Spirit, where?
The men that sought no gains but Sacrifice?
No riches but Renunciation, Wisdom, Love?

Where are the dreamers of the Ancient Day?
And Sages, Prophets of the inner Light?
And Supermen of Action flaming into Sacrifice!
And Singers of the Secret that is God?
And Leaders great who sought the service of the poor
And not the tinsel of a titled "greatness," nor the emptiness of crowds' applause?
And where, O where, are the Youth that dared in strength of faith
To offer all as gifts of Love at Krishna's Lotus-Feet?

Will India lie defeated long?
It cannot be! For India's bondage is the World's!
And till this ancient nation stand erect, a nation of the Free,
Wounded still must be the Heart of Humanity.
Courage! Comrades! Courage! Sons and daughters of the sages of the East?
I see Her re-arise! I see Her with the Healing Flames!
I see Her out again with Atma-shakti of the Rishis and the Gods!
I see Her break the chains,—a Queen again 'mid nations of the Morn!

—*T. L. Vaswani.*

We have been having a lot of fun with ourself lately.. This fun has come from the spectacle of watching our modes of thought and methods of argument in connection with our enthusiasm for the Briand-Kellogg Treaty for the Outlawry of War, and seeing how naturally, indeed inevitably, these have flowed into the same grooves which formerly were occupied by thought and argument on behalf of the Covenant of the League of Nations. We did not believe in this Covenant—at least, as it was presented to the United States in 1919. So we took little stock in the contentions of its advocates that it was a beginning, a basis for further action, a moral gesture which had its inspiring value if only as a gesture. But lo and behold, with the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, in which we *do* believe, now taking the place in public discussion of the League Covenant, in which we *do not* believe, we find ourselves arguing much like our old League antagonists. Here we said the other day:

> A gesture is not without its uses. . . . The mere spectacle of statesmen gathered together under the flags of nations in the name of peace has a moral value which is beyond all calculation.

We thought this tommy-rot when offered on behalf of the League, but very good sense when now offered in behalf of the Treaty. Of course, at bottom we are prepared to argue that the treaty is more than a "gesture," as the League is not. But we can not help noticing, all the same, that what goes very well today in advocacy of the Treaty, did not go at all yesterday in advocacy of the League. So we are getting a great laugh at our own expense, and incidentally saying so before somebody else says so. It's just as well to disarm a critical thrust by anticipating it! Some day we are all going to be honest with ourselves, and admit that most of these wonderful arguments are just so much rationalization of emotional reactions which seldom can be explained. We believe in the Treaty, and we propose to say why, and we hope the saying will convince. But it is the belief and not the argument which is primal.

The big navy men are unbeatable in argument. If they were as resourceful in seamanship as they are in logic, they would never lose a battle. Give them any set of facts, no matter what they are, and these gold-braid gentlemen can deduce an unanswerable case for more ships. For example! The English admirals have always argued that England needs a large navy because she has so many merchant vessels beneath her flag. These vessels need protection—hence cruisers, more cruisers, and still more cruisers! Now the United States does not have many merchant vessels. Hence it might well be argued, on the basis of the above contention, that she does not need much of a navy. But look how President Coolidge, duly tutored by the Navy Board, put matters in his Armistice Day speech!

> Having scarcely any merchant vessels capable of mounting five- or six-inch guns (he said), it is obvious that, based on needs, we are entitled to a larger number of warships than a nation having these advantages.

There you have it—coming and going! It makes no difference whether you have merchant ships or do not have merchant ships, you still need an overpowering navy. The same thing is true of fuel stations. If you have them, as England has, you need a big navy to protect them. If you do not have them, as the United States does not, you need a big navy, so that the ships may make up in number what they lack in cruising

range. Before the Panama Canal was constructed, America needed an especially large navy, since she had to maintain both an Atlantic and a Pacific fleet as separate units. After the Panama Canal was built, America still needed an especially large navy, since the Canal had to be protected at both ends. Trust the admirals to get in their argument either way! Damned if you do, and damned if you do not! Under such conditions, why not be 100 per cent logical the other way 'round, and have no navy at all?

When the news of Lajpat Rai's death was carried through India and round the world, every Englishman must have unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief, and every Indian a sigh of lamentation. For while Rai lived, England had in India an unrelenting, uncompromising, untiring foe, and India herself a valiant champion. We do not know how many times he fell foul of the authorities—the alien rulers of the land he loved and would see free. It is characteristic, and in a way appropriate, that he should have been wounded by a bayonet in a demonstration against the returning Simon Commission—an injury, designed or undesigned, that may have led to his untimely death. Like the hunted lion, scarred from the trap, he knew no fear, died shaking his terrible mane against the foe, and left this foe still trembling from the fierce fury of his presence. We knew Lajpat Rai when he was in this country, and were honored by his presence as a speaker in our church. We retain most vividly, perhaps, the impression of his intellectual power. His mind was a remarkable instrument—at once as sharp as a sword and weighty as a battle-ax. Next we recall the passion of his cry for justice for his country, and the flaming scorn of those who held her in subjection. There was little of the "sweetness and light," so characteristic of Gandhi, in this man. His was another temper, and a different method. Especially useful and effective was his incomparable knowledge of both West and East. More than in any Indian of whom we know, Rai presented the agonized frustrations of a conquered people, and proved the impossibility of peace till the yoke is lifted. His death is the most serious loss that India has suffered since the passing of C. R. Das. What new leaders are rising to take the place of these great souls?

The New York newspapers on a late October day reported an amazing event. A certain man and his wife drove an automobile upon a waiting ferry-boat. On approaching the forward end of the boat, the brakes on the car for some unaccountable reason refused to work, and the machine with its horrified occupants broke through the gates and tumbled into the river. Down into twenty-two feet of water it went, and rested upright upon the bottom. In less time than it takes to tell, the man reappeared upon the surface with his wife clasped in his arms, and was drawn back upon the boat with eager hands. This man had smashed the windows of his car, opened the door, forced his way out through the pouring flood, seized his wife and dragged her free, and then together risen to the upper air. The feat sounds incredible—like a Houdini trick! Yet here are the man and his wife, and there at the bottom of the river is (or was) their car. All of which, to us, is a parable! Here was a man faced by conditions which seemed to down him utterly. A thousand men in the same place would have been defeated and drowned. But this man escaped. He rose above conditions—mastered them, subdued them— as an occasional man in life rises above conditions, and sweeeps their confining barriers from his path. Such men and such achievements constitute the stock in trade of the individualist. Because such men exist and such achievements are possible, he is content with conditions and would undertake no social change—which is as sensible as to argue that, because of this exploit on the ferry-boat, all automobiles should be tumbled into the river and all automobilists be made to battle in this way for their lives! Of course, no automobiles should be submerged; and no men, in automobiles or in society, should be forced to struggle for survival. But it is reassuring, when occasion comes, to see the capacity of man. There is little that we cannot do. The soul, and not its fate, is master.

The Nobel Committee may falter occasionally when it distributes its peace prizes, but seldom when it distributes its prizes for literature. Certainly no author in all the world was more fully entitled to recognition this year than Mme. Sigrid Undset, of Norway. Her great triology of novels, "Kristin Lavransdatter," ranks easily with Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" and Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror" as one of the towering literary monuments of modern times. And now another trilogy is well under way with the publication this last summer of the first instalment, entitled "The Axe." Mme. Undset represents a curious sort of combination of romanticist and realist. Like Scott and Dumas, she recreates a long-vanished age in tales of exciting adventure and thrilling beauty. But her method is the method of Zola and Dreiser in the massing of elaborate reproductive detail of actual life. To read the "Kristin" trilogy is to be transported into the Scandinavia of the fourteenth century, and to discover anew its reality. And this author's mastery of medieval times is matched by her mastery of the technique of fiction and of the art of style. There is something of the epic quality in all she writes—inevitably one thinks of Homer and his Greeks. It is mournful commentary on American literary taste that Mme. Undset's novels have had such slight reading in this country. All of the volumes have been translated and published by an appreciative American publisher, but they

have been little noted either by critics or public. Our people seem to prefer the vulgar best-sellers which are here today and gone tomorrow. But Sigrid Undset's books will not be soon forgotten, and now that they have been officially crowned, they may be trusted to find at least an imitative public. We feel proud and happy that Mme. Undset's works have been duly reviewed and properly appraised in our "Study Table."

Noise! What to Do!

No editorial printed in UNITY in recent years has evoked such response from our readers as our recent editorial on the subject of "Noise." The basis of that editorial, it will be remembered, was the alarming fact of the intolerable noise generated by our contemporary life, and, more particularly, the deliberate use of noise by advertisers as a means of attracting attention to their wares. The shouts of loudspeakers from aeroplanes coursing the sky above our heads were used as a typical if particularly terrible example of the calculated attempt of advertisers today to assault the helpless ears of the public as they have long been assaulting their helpless eyes. The loud-speaker threatens to become the aural counterpart of the bill-board and the electric-sign.

That a certain amount of noise in our modern cities is ineradicable is probably true. One may well wonder, as one waits for a train in the subway, how the roar of steel wheels on steel rails is ever going to be silenced, or even hushed. None the less, we are tempted to return to the speculation set forth in our earlier editorial—that if a hundredth part of the inventive genius of men were expended on this problem of noise that is now expended on other less important problems, the clash and clang of life could be immeasurably diminished. Already a silent electric riveter has been fashioned to take the place of the present nerve-racking machine that is employed in the construction of steel-frame building—only nobody takes the trouble to use it! Only the other day the newspapers announced that a German engineer had invented a silencer for aeroplane engines—which will probably be used about as much as similar silencers are now used on motor-boats and motor-cycles, which is not at all! Our dreadful elevated railroads, for aesthetic reasons as well as reasons of quiet, should all be replaced by subways, which at least have the merit of burying their clamor in the ground. And any decent enforcement of health regulations would silence for good and all our roaring motor-trucks, our squawking automobile horns, our clashing ash-cans, our radio loud-speakers, and our rattling street-cars. A municipal health commissioner has powers that are almost illimitable. In the name of the public health, he can do all that the Tsar could do in Russia yesterday, or Mussolini in Italy today. We would like to be health commissioner in New York for just one month, and see what could be done to the end of bringing silence, or some sweet measure thereof, to the battered ears of citizens!

But these citizens are themselves not altogether helpers, especially as regards this new and intolerable nuisance of employing noise for purposes of advertising. Our correspondents, Dr. Frank Oliver Hall and others, have pointed out the way. *That we, the public, use our inalienable and enormously effective power of the boycott to put out of business the thoughtless or selfish advertiser who insists upon shouting at us when we would be still!*

Already this method has produced results in the campaign to clear our landscapes from the intrusion of bill-boards, and thus save the loveliness of nature from desecration. This campaign has made slow progress. But it has progressed—in some parts of the country to an amazing degree, and in these places, it has been the boycott which has wrought the victory. Tell the advertiser that you will not buy his goods when they are wantonly thrust before our eyes in place of a mountain, or a lake, or a stretch of woods, and he will begin to think. Organize a movement of men and women pledged not to buy any article advertised in terms of the ruin of natural scenery, and the manufacturer will seek some other method of publicity. We have never forgotten a little experience which we had along this line some years ago. We were riding in an automobile from Portsmouth to Boston. We noticed with growing anger, as we went along, a series of signs, advertising a certain automobile, which seemed to jut out from every corner and hide every spot of beauty. Upon reaching home, we sat down and wrote a letter to the manufacturer of this automobile. We did not go so far as to threaten not to buy his product; we simply protested against his advertising, and voiced our opinion that he was in danger of offending the public mind. In reply, we received a most polite and careful letter, stating that our letter was only one of many, and that the company had already decided to discontinue the type of advertising to which we had registered our objection.

The bill-board has become an institution. It has been with us so long now—ever since the early railroad days!—that most people are insensible to its horror. Only a particularly audacious use of it, like the one just cited, attracts attention. We accept the bill-board almost as naturally as the trees. It seems to

be an inevitable part of the only landscape that we know. Hence the difficulty of the fight against it!

But noise is new—at least as an advertising medium. We are still in the state of being shocked and startled by it. Our nerves are raw to these assaults of sound, and thus prepared to react in outrage against them. Before it is too late—before our ears become as insensitive as our eyes, or we go crazy altogether—let us act to stop this horror by the boycott! We can think at this moment of no more beneficent type of public service than that of organizing *now* to paralyze this business of advertising by noise. We wish that we had the time and strength to give our life to this cause. We wish that UNITY had the resources and the influence to lead a great crusade in the nation on this issue. Failing this, we propose to do what we *can* do:

(1) Pledge ourselves, as we do herewith, not to buy any article advertised by noise; and in each case to write to the producer or merchant, and tell him so.

(2) Secure at least ten other persons who will take this pledge with us.

(3) Ask these ten persons each to seek another ten; and each of these another ten again; and so on.

(4) Appeal to all the readers of UNITY to take this pledge and initiate this action.

(5) Urge the organization in every city and town of an "Anti-Noise Society," with members, officers, and a paid secretary.

Now is the time in this good fight. We must act at once, or see the battle lost.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

An English correspondent reminds us that, when King Amanullah of Afghanistan visited Britain, the only things the Government thought worth showing him were warships, tanks, bombing displays, etc. "The King's visit to Christendom seems to have taught him something," continues our correspondent, "for he has now issued an appeal to his people for subscriptions for a fund for the purchase of 50,000 rifles and 1,000 rounds of ammunition for each rifle!"

When President-Elect Hoover uses a battleship for a goodwill mission to South America, he shows the good uses to which government vessels may be put. Strip all our ships of guns, and use them all for the work of goodwill among the nations, and we would have no need of defense!

Signor Belluzzo, Italian Minister of Education, has ordered all the public libraries of Italy to root out Upton Sinclair's books and "remove them from the sight of the public." This order applies also to the works of Marx, Lenin, Jaurés, Kropotkin, Wells, Rolland, Barbusse, and Rousseau. Who would not gladly be banned in such company?

It might be well to change the old adage, As many lives as a cat, and make it read, As many lives as Raymond Poincaré.

A well-known autograph specialist questions the prosperity now said to be prevailing in this country.

There is much talk of our great prosperity (he writes), but I am not quite sure of the truth of this. I notice that autographs are offered to me much more freely than two years ago. This has always happened when times are bad, and when people needed help in money matters.

A shrewd observation! But perhaps these people want cash to play the stock market.

Smith pronounces radio "raddio," and Coolidge pronounces grange "grannge." Oliver Street and the Plymouth farm are not so far apart.

J.H.H.

Youth

Though all my dreams, my sweet desires, be naught,
Each die unborn, none realized, all vain—
And the heavy years come with their freight of pain,
Long after youth gives up the scheme it wrought—
No matter, I shall be my self, uncaught
By age, experience, wisdom, any bane
Held out to me, an easier path to gain
Some triumph which in youth I never sought.

My own dear dreams of my soul's yearning born,
My mind shall harvest all my thought has sown.
Alone I tread the fields, alone—forlorn,
No fear within, no one shall hear me moan.
On, on I go to greet my autumn morn,
And if I fail, my grief shall be my own.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

American Notes—Harry Emerson Fosdick

[Editorial Correspondence]

Harry Emerson Fosdick ranks as one of the ablest preachers in New York and he probably is. His church, the Park Avenue Baptist Church, is at 69th Street, uptown, where able preachers only will answer. This church has the tradition of possessing able preachers—among them has been Charles F. Aked. This Sunday morning, I turned my feet thitherward.

One must go early, for the church seats only 800. (Next year, the congregation moves to the "Cathedral" in process of erection, near the University, on Riverside Drive.) So, I applied for admission about a half hour before 11 o'clock. At the main entrance, I was greeted with a swift gesture, and the words, "To the left—side door." There, I faced a sign, "Non-members may enter this door." I followed on, and I had to go down a winding stair (I thought of the old story of the "Spider and the Fly") and in the sub-sub-basement I found a large room full of men, in a class, where a physician, Dr. Dunn, was finishing an address on, "Religion and Medicine." The leader of the class, at the end, kindly distributed tickets to those who wished to get into the main auditorium for the services. I was one of them. The matter of looking after the strangers who wish to attend is well done. Of course, not everyone can be satisfied. The overflow is sent upstairs—perhaps downstairs too—where one can hear but not see, through amplifiers. The seats of members are kept for them until 10:50—then turned over to strangers. All seats were taken this morning.

First, a few observations about the church. The interior is quite ecclesiastical, in appearance—about as near as a Baptist or Congregationalist can get. High pillars, a big cross, two speaking desks—and the lighting, it was a victory for the architect, as usual. My idea is, either Let there be Light, or something real dim and religious, as at "St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwrie" where one must trust entirely his sense of hearing, or feeling, to function,—which is calculated to make saints stumble. But, if dim lights make God more visible, it is well! I never have been able to understand just why spirits prefer darkness, in order to talk or appear. Is it that we may concentrate better? Well, let us learn to concentrate at high noon. I feel grieved, I suspect, because I was not able to see the words of the hymns. I was glad there were only two of them. But lighting in churches! A Church Congress could well be called for its consideration. Keep the architects out! Why should God create two such good-looking men as the ministers of this church—Messrs. Fosdick and Carder—and then allow them to become mere silhouette-prophets of His, when they were delivering His Message? It was not intended!

The two ministers worked well together. I must confess, right here, I got them mixed up. The older and more serious-looking man I took for Fosdick. Was he not sitting—according to my recollection of where the pulpit usually is—where the main minister should be. The younger man, who read the scripture lessons so well and offered a so well-worded prayer that I actually thought it was written out and before him—that he hadn't been long at it, and was a very promising successor for Dr. Fosdick. Well, a greater man, Samuel, made a similar mistake when he was choosing David, young and of ruddy cheek. The two scripture lessons were read at one time—one was taken from the Buddhist scriptures, the other from the Christian. The latter was an old friend. "I say unto you, Love your enemies," and then later, "Love suffereth long. . . . Love never faileth." Then the Offering. The two ministers, after the ushers had given everyone opportunity, came forward together to receive the plate—the word "plate" reminds me that I thought as I heard the clicking of the silver—a bit noisy—it would be better if Park Avenue Baptist used baskets. It would be quieter. And, since Dwight L. Moody was referred to with approval, I was reminded that when he announced a collection, he always started the ushers out with a nice offering from himself. Good idea. The minister is thus more fit to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now, the sermon. It was a good one — understandable, pointed and inspiring. He has elements for the making of a great preacher. He is handicapped in being in such an auditorium. I am wondering about that "Cathedral." Will the architect allow him light enough, and elbow-room, and galleries — such as Beecher's in Plymouth, Brooklyn? Many great preachers are nipped before they reach greatness—budding, because of environment. We tend to become like the environment we choose. The sermon was on "Unprejudiced Goodwill." The greatest sin is race-prejudice. Early Christianity was an equalitarian gospel. There was to be "no Jew, no Gentile, no bond, no free"—all were One. The high religious systems, like Buddhism and Moslemism, have emphasized equalitarism. They insist on human brotherhood. Christianity has many elements. It affords comfort, it supplies food for the beautiful, and can say, "So long as there is anything beautiful in life, I can believe in God." But, the real fundamentalism of Christianity is human equality. Unprejudiced Goodwill is the authentic mark of true religion.

America, he said, is the one land that has opportunity to practice unprejudiced goodwill. "Half-brother to all nations." As citizens, we must possess it. It must be practiced in the churches, the weakness of American Christianity is its race pride. "Our own church," when it moves to Riverside Drive faces a great opportunity and test, suggested by the presence of the International House with its dozens of nationalities. It must never be forgotten—that it has been the Cross that has kept Christianity afloat. It is goodwill, not fighting, that wins. The assumption of social superiority is an insult to human dignity. Christians are often only artificial adherents. So few who are really associated with the Christ of Christianity. The world is waiting for their coming.

It was a wholesome sermon, not great, but better, it was wholesome. I knew again that my religion was

vain, if I did not love my neighbor, nay, my enemy—did not have goodwill. It was in harmony with the sermon, when the minister, in referring to the Communion Service, this afternoon, gave out an invitation to "The Supper" broad enough to include the Jew, Gentile, Creek—all sons of God. Not to be mean, but to be helpful, I couldn't help wishing that among the ushers at Park Avenue Baptist, as at Community Church, there was a sprinkling of Negroes, or Chinese, just to reveal a racial brotherhood. The church might have "Rainbow Ushers." This will come, we hope—when they move over to the big "Cathedral." A man in Dr. Fosdick's place is not to be envied, nor criticised, but to be prayed for. He will have to watch and pray lest he lose his freedom. And, he has seen that race prejudice is the sin of today in our own land, will he be able to practice goodwill to all races, and actually to include them in his (our) idea of human brotherhood? As far as he and his make the Church home on Riverside a House of Prayer for all the Nations, they will be outstanding in power, blessing and beauty. The Hudson river will become a "River that flows by the Throne of God!" And, as I walked away down Park Avenue, the sweet chime of bells in the tower sang, "Holy Night"—which seemed to say Amen!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jefferson, Wilson, and the Democratic Party

[A Post-Election Appeal]

The Democratic party is fond of calling itself "the party of Jefferson," and its antiquarians figure out some sort of apostolic succession in the connection. The party organization arranges Jefferson birthday dinners in our cities, in dramatized piety. As matter of fact, our Democratic party in 1928 has little more to do with Thomas Jefferson than with Nebuchadnezzar, although the assumption that it has may have a certain inciting and warning potency that has some remote relish of salvation. If there is any principle of Jefferson's which the party has conspicuously illustrated in these past years, it would be hard to name it. The ritualistic commemorations of Thomas Jefferson by Democratic clubs have become as great a farce as the similar stated worship of Abraham Lincoln by Republican clubs, a superstition still perpetuated in some parishes. The most sacramental thing that both could do at these recurring solemnities would be to read aloud Lincoln's famous tribute to Jefferson. It would do one conclave as much good as the other.

The one Jeffersonian principle that does get talked about in political circles is local self-government and the responsibilities of the states in our federal system. But in this matter, by strange irony, Governor Ritchie is outdone by Calvin Coolidge, whose Washington experience has drastically borne in upon him the menace of bureaucracy and the congestion of functions at the national centre. This is now the burden of his every speech, although he is scrupulous to avoid the name of Jefferson in the connection. The best government, Jefferson said, is that which governs least; yet, with curious irony again, the chief spokesman for the strengthening of the government's function in business is the 1928 Democratic presidential candidate, while the conspicuous expounder of Jeffersonian principles in the matter is his Republican rival.

If Jefferson is the sacred object of Democratic ancestor-worship, the great modern object of their lip-service is Woodrow Wilson. It would be hard to say on which more rhetoric was expended at the Houston convention and in the late Democratic candidate's speech of acceptance. Yet both scrupulously avoided any recognition of the great thing which lay closest to Woodrow Wilson's heart, the one thing for which alone he will be known in history, the founding of the League of Nations. There was not even a reverential gesture for it in the platform; and it has been absolutely impossible to get the Democratic leaders to say anything about it from that time to this. I know—for I have tried.

Thomas Jefferson belongs to no party, least of all to a party recreant to him. The Democratic party two generations ago was peculiarly recreant to him. Jefferson was the great apostle of local self-government, and our federal system of state responsibility; but he was no less the great prophet in his time of the nation and of freedom. By securing the cession from Virginia to the federal government of her possessions beyond the Ohio, prompting the cession of similar claims by the states north, with a far-seeing ordinance for the administration of the territory, and by his negotiation of the Louisiana purchase, he did more than any other statesman of the time to expand and strengthen the national sentiment; and among the founders of the republic he was the preeminent anti-slavery man. Lincoln owed to him his inspiration, his program, and his argument; he quotes him forty times, where he quotes Hamilton, the regulation Republican tutor, twice. He pronounced Jefferson the greatest political thinker we ever had or are likely to have. The most memorable tribute to Jefferson is that by Lincoln, as the most memorable tribute to Washington was that by Jefferson. When the new Republican party was founded, taking the name of Jefferson's old party, it dedicated itself, in its great Philadelphia platform of 1856, to "restoring the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson." The Jefferson birthday celebrations then were all by Republicans. "Those claiming political descent from him," said Lincoln, "have nearly ceased to breathe his name." The transformation reminded him of a street fight between two half drunken men which once amused him, ending in each having fought himself out of his own coat into that of the other.

It was for a Jefferson's birthday celebration by the Republicans of Boston in 1859 that Lincoln wrote his famous Jefferson letter. "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. Yet they are denied and evaded. One calls them 'glittering generalities'; others argue that they apply to 'superior races.' The object and effect of all is the supplanting of the principles of free government and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not

for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth applicable to all men at all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of returning tyranny and oppression."

We have recently been celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and are still hoarse from shouting for government by "the consent of the governed" and the divine right of revolution by a people to establish such a state as it deems just and best for itself. Yet the President of the United States went to Philadelphia for the great commemoration and found no place in his address on that Fourth of July, 1926, for honor to the great author of the Declaration or emphasis upon his principles. We have been engaged for two years in maintaining in power in Nicaragua a cheap adventurer who served our commercial purposes, against the consent and will of the overwhelming majority of the people; we were menacing the peace and order of our sister republic of Mexico for the same selfish ends and only the commonsense of Dwight Morrow, backed no more strongly than his foolish predecessors had been, saved us from catastrophe; and our President has struck an almost fatal blow to the aspirations of the Philippines for independence, unanimously demanded by their legislature, long solemnly pledged on a condition long since met, in a mournful sermon on the superiority of thrift to freedom.

What has the Democratic party, with its Jefferson dinners, done about it? If our "Doheny war" with Mexico had been finally precipitated, it would have been, if not so premeditatedly wicked, yet paltrier and more despicable than the Mexican war of 1846. Against that old Democratic wickedness under James K. Polk, the whole opposition party, the ancestor of our Republican party more directly than the party of Jefferson was the ancestor of the party of Senator Reed and Governor Smith, solemnly and persistently protested; and in the midst of the war, in 1846, it carried the Congressional election against the Administration, and in the ensuing Presidential election, in 1848, overthrew it.

It is simple justice to say that there have been no other denunciations of our recent course in Nicaragua and Mexico, no other statement of our whole duty to South America, so strong and wholesome as those by Gov. Smith; although the country will not forget Senator Borah's ringing words two years ago.

The Republican party's three great men were Lincoln, Sumner and Grant. Lincoln's one term in Congress is memorable for its opposition to our Mexican iniquity in 1846, his denunciation of its aggression, and his appeal to the Golden Rule against it. Sumner denounced it as "a war against freedom, against humanity and against the Constitution." Grant, who as a young lieutenant served in it, afterwards declared it "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." That is what Jefferson would say.

How did our Democratic party meet the shameful and humiliating Mexican and Nicaraguan crisis of these last years? As a party it did nothing. If its titular leader, John W. Davis, spoke, I did not read his word; yet Mr. Davis had proclaimed Jefferson not only, as Lincoln did, the greatest political thinker of America, but the greatest in human history. We do not forget the faithful and indignant words in the Senate of Senators Wheeler and Walsh of Montana; but the words there which were adequate to the occasion and stirred the country were the words of Senator Borah.

Thomas Jefferson was a great international man. The founders of our Republic were the preeminent peace statesmen of their age. "My first wish," said Washington, "is to see war, the plague of mankind, banished from the earth." Franklin said repeatedly, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace." But Jefferson was the great peace leader of his epoch, as he was the great anti-slavery leader. Said Henry Adams: "Jefferson aspired beyond the ambition of a nationality, and embraced in his view the whole future of man. That the United States should become a nation like France, or England, or Russia, or conquer the world like Rome, was no part of his scheme. He wished to begin a new era, hoping for a time when the world's ruling interests should cease to be local and should become universal; when questions of boundary should become insignificant; when armies and navies should be reduced to the work of police. He would not consent to build up a new nation merely to create more navies and armies, to perpetuate the crimes and the follies of Europe, and indulge in the miserable ambitions that had made the Old World a hell and frustrated the hopes of humanity."

It has fallen to our age, after a terrible world war, to have the opportunity and the power to realize Jeffersons's great vision. How does Jefferson's nation match the age and its call? An American president, a Democratic president, founded the League of Nations. An American statesman, a Republican statesman, perhaps our greatest living statesman, was the most influential force in the commission which organized the World Court. Three Republican statesmen, Mr. Root, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Taft, were President Wilson's chief advisers in framing the covenant of the League of Nations, and Mr. Taft stood beside him on the platform when he came home to commend the League to the American people. In the election of 1920, these with a score of Republican leaders united in an appeal to the people to vote for the League; although on the part of many of them it proved lip-service, and Mr. Root and Dr. Butler, two who remain conspicuously articulate in 1928. President Harding was an earnest crusader for the World Court before the Senate and before the country, and in his last word urged our adherence to it. The Harding-Hughes reservations to our adherence would have been unanimously accepted by the nations. But then a deadly paralysis crept over the country. President Coolidge hastened to proclaim that the plan of joining the League was for us "a closed incident." Then he sanctioned such a finical and impossible new reservation to our joining the World Court as the nations in common fairness were compelled to reject, thus closing that "incident" also so far as his influence went. But Elihu Root, a greater Republican than Calvin Coolidge, has just said "The League of Nations and the World Court have been rendering the best service, incomparably the best, in

the cause of peace known to the history of civilization." This is the word, and not "closed incidents," that finds echo in the best Republican hearts. Were Thomas Jefferson with us today, he would say that the three things we ought to be thinking about and talking about now are the League of Nations, the World Court, and the Kellogg Treaty renouncing war. But the leaders of "the party of Jefferson" in 1928 could not be induced to talk about these things.

What does the Democratic party think and say? As in 1858 it was invoking State Rights chiefly in behalf of easy slavery, so in 1928 it invokes the doctrine for nothing more passionately than for easy drink. What does it propose to do about the portentous international situation? What do its orators say about it at Jefferson dinners and on the stump?

The recent political campaign has written on the wall with finger of fire that a new political alignment of our people is imperative and should be immediate. No thoughtful or serious man in either party now feels square. Neither party stands for any distinctive principles as against the other, and neither stands for anything noble or great. The platforms are essentially the same, save that one talks about the tariff a little worse than the other. The political campaigns have thus become sham battles; and shams cannot long command a practical people. The Republican party began as the party of aggression and reform, and has now become the conservative party of the country, while the Democratic party meantime has not become the liberal party. Yet a progressive and prophetic party the country will somehow have; and if it finds no existing core, it will create one. That is not difficult, as was proved in 1856. "Out of these stones" a new and true party of Jefferson and Wilson can be raised up.

What the crowd talks about in 1928, in the anomalous and impossible party situation, are issues not in the platforms at all, and issues which do not now belong in a national election. The great interests of mankind and our duty concerning them are, as if by conspiracy, pushed out of sight. It is a portentous thing that in this great world crisis this greatest nation of the world should, as represented by its two great political parties, refuse to consider its duty to the world or define or discuss it. Here is the imperative for a real opposition party in the country, which honor "the party of Jefferson" has abdicated, but which the spirit of Jefferson and Wilson will somehow create. Plain people cannot grasp why the occasion was not used. It would have redeemed our politics and fortified mankind. The doors were defiantly opened. The two really noble things achieved by the Coolidge administration, the conciliation of Mexico by Mr. Morrow and the Kellogg treaty renouncing war, were almost ostentatiously left out of the Republican speeches, for the sake of the stock conventionalities. One blast of the bugle of Jefferson or Wilson would have rallied waiting millions; but it was not blown. I was one of a million Independents who, hoping to vote for Mr. Hoover with joy, did so with a heavy heart because of his mournful and amazing silence throughout the campaign about our international policies and duties. Such words as he spoke were insignificant; he had more to say about preparation for war than about preparation for peace, repeating at the end with gratuitous effusiveness his fatuous words about "defense" which, incorporated in his acceptance speech, drew the indignant and righteous protest of President Butler. Nowhere in his speeches did Mr. Hoover plead for a friendly and cooperative international life as Governor Smith plead in the noble opening of his Baltimore speech. No specific word was said anywhere about our adherence to the organized family of nations or what his party will do about ratifying the Kellogg Treaty renouncing war.

Generalities will no longer do; they now cut no ice, whether they be Governor Smith's generalities about good will, or Mr. Hoover's generalities about the horrors of war. What the people demand is a program, definition and action; and they will not longer wait for the trifling of parties—for events do not wait. There are the things we have to think about as the shouting dies and we come back to sanity.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

The Tyranny of the Frontier

"Salt," a school boy once asserted, "is that which makes food taste bad when we do not use it." In like fashion the tariff is that which makes our prosperity when we do not have it. For the United States is the greatest free trade area in the world and has long been so. While each country of Continental Europe suffers under the burden of the tyranny of the frontier, the 48 states of America are free from taxes on commerce, from frontiers burdened with custom houses, from fortresses to keep off neighbors, without an army to guard the frontier, and having no army of police to catch smugglers and to prevent citizens and tourists from taking photographs within ten miles of the border.

It is related that Count Serge Witte, greatest of Russian statesmen, once took a map of Europe and laid it beside one of the United States. The latter had 48 states, each with untaxed commerce. The map of Europe (not including Russia) had about as many states, each eager to raise its internal prices and to force its neighbors to pay its expenses. "How long," said Witte, "would America maintain prosperity if each of these states had a taxed and fortified frontier, each one with its borders marked by customs offices, with all the vast expenditure these parasites involve?" How long indeed? Our great aid and new future rival must in time be the United States of Europe with free circulation of men and goods from one nation to another, even as we have always had it in the United States.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Except a Man Part with All That He Hath . . . .*

(An Article on the Demands of Love in Regard to Private Property.)

I

Our whole world is built upon the institution of private property. And yet I see that, if men were entirely true to the greatest love that is in their hearts, if that love were utterly free in them to do what it would, there is not a single one who would own any private property at all. For property is a thing of self-seeking and fear. Men strain and struggle, and do to one another the things which they do, only because they believe that the life which eats bread is their real life and that the only way to make it secure is to get their hands on a certain amount of this world's goods which they can call their own. This effort to save their personal life has brought men into collision with one another and has led to almost universal tension and strife. Everywhere one finds fear and hate. But true love is not so! True love knows no fear. For itself it asks nothing and holds on to nothing. All that it has it always gives. It trusts infinitely. It sees that there is really nothing to be afraid of either in life or in death. It sees the whole universe pervaded through and through with a goodness to which anyone may at any time commit all that he is and has. It sees the world so made that you can follow love in its extremest leadings and not only suffer no real loss or hurt but rather live more fully with every step you take, breathe more deeply, laugh more exultantly, soar more freely through all time and space. It sees not only that in no really good social order will there be any place for private property, but more than that, that any man today whose heart is deeply possessed by love will have to get rid of it now. It sees that even those whose love is not free enough to go so far as that just yet, would be compelled to do something about their possessions if only they realized what ownership involves.

For him who is intuitive and who is not afraid to trust the childlike perceptions of love, the matter is all quite simple and clear. He throws back his head and his free jubilant heart sings, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and he knows everything in it to be part of a common store for all alike to draw upon as they have need, that none may be in bondage to any other but all have freedom to grow as God made them. And he sees that whosoever takes or holds anything out of the common store for himself, must do so by force, and takes that which does not belong to him, and is a thief. But this he cannot do. For he feels his neighbor to be himself, what his neighbor needs he needs, and if his neighbor's need is filled his own heart is satisfied. Moreover, his neighbor is anybody he meets. Rich or poor, respectable or outcast, man or woman, kin or alien—it makes no difference. *Everyone* is his neighbor, his brother, himself. Nor need he fear to follow what he so clearly perceives. Is not the whole earth the Lord's—every little corner of it and all the time and space of it in his hands, both what men call life and what men call death safe within his being? And is he not love?—oh, more, far more, than the word "love," or than any word or all words can even suggest? Is he not in himself alone, his father and his mother, and his beloved and Lord, and his own true self—his light in life and his life in death? Hand in hand with him, is there any place in the whole universe where he need fear to go? If only his leading come from love, is there anything he need fear to do? Nay, he cannot fear. And even though sometimes he does tremble, he cannot at last but yield himself utterly to that love within him which will not let him go. And so, to come back to this question of property, he finds himself equally content whether his last crust goes into his own mouth or goes to satify the hunger of any other man on earth. He can only stand with open hands and say to all who come, "Everything that I have is just as much yours as mine," and be glad to give to all who ask of him.

And that is really all there is to it! And yet, in the interest of understanding, it might perhaps be well to add a few words more.

Love casteth out self. Under its sway the lover finds himself identified with the one he loves. In no home blessed with love does the husband assert that the house is his, and the wife contend that the piano is hers, and the father point to his ownership of a bank-account to justify himself in eating cake while his children have no bread. "Mine" and "thine" are not recognized. It is "our" house, "our" piano, "our" bank-account. Wherever real love exists, ownership is forgotten. Whoever would assert rights of possession here would erect a wall between himself and those whom he loves; he would shut out and put away from him the very ones whom his heart would have near. Any such attitude, the love in him which would share the last thing he has, would make utterly impossible.

Thus it is in every true home, and in every other place where love is real. Here we do not own: we share. And if we confront the man on the street in any different spirit we only betray the fact that here is a man who is regarded as an outsider, who is *not* included in our family where we have to say "our" rather than "mine" and "thine," a man before whom our love breaks down and confesses itself not yet made perfect. For here is a human being and we do not take him in. Here is a neighbor and we evidently love him less than we love ourselves. Pure love is not so. He who loves truly sees a brother in *every* man. He has no favorites. Any man of any kind or condition is his neighbor, in whom he sees God, and at whose feet he worships God. The family he is concerned about is the universal family which takes in all men without any exception. The "our" which most men would use only under their own roofs or within the limits of some club or class or creed or nation or race, with him stops nowhere, but is carried out on the tide of his love past every line and over every barrier to take in every man he meets unto the ends of the earth. It is not that he will not have things to use, but he will positively refuse to assert any rights of possession over them. There will not be a single one of them but he will gladly part

*Our readers will remember earlier articles in UNITY by "Bill" Simpson, admired and beloved as a saintly soul resolutely living the life of utter selflessness in our contemporary capitalistic America. This article may well be studied in this Tolstoy centenary year with the teachings of the immortal Russian. Its second and concluding portion will be published next week.—Editor.

with it to the first man who wants it. Nay more—he will regard everything he has as loaned to him out of the common store of society and be ready not only to give it to any other member of the human family who may need or desire it, but to thank him for the use of it which he has enjoyed, when he does so.

But most people have had rather little experience with a love of this sort and are too unfamiliar with it to be ready to trust themselves to its leadings very far. They have their property, to be sure, but, especially if they hold it as a trust with a part of which they try to serve their fellowmen, they see no harm in it. For people of this sort I wish now to approach the question of owning things from an entirely different angle. I want to try to show something of what ownership universally involves, to give some indication of what has to be done to human beings in order that you or I may be able to say "This is mine." It will then, I think, be very evident that if we hold property, we hold it in violation of love.

The word "property" is commonly used to refer to the *things* which we own. But more correctly the word refers not to these things but to the *attitude* which we take toward them. Strictly, property is the assertion of the right to the exclusive use, enjoyment, and disposition of anything. It is the right which an owner asserts for himself and denies to all others.

But the assertion of such a right would be mere wasted breath except a man had some way to maintain it. His ownership simply has no meaning unless he has some kind of physical force to keep other men from taking his possessions away from him. In other words, all rights of property without exception depend in the last analysis upon the threat of violence. If we say that we own anything, then, no matter how plausibly we may justify our ownership and no matter how conscientiously we may administer what some of us now feel more comfortable to style our "stewardship," we hold a fist, or a club, or a gun, at the heads of our brothers and say in effect, "Keep off. This is mine." The fist or the club or the gun may be raised in our own person or in the person of some other, but wherever there is ownership it is always raised. Without violence there is no property.

Let us see how this is so.

In primitive life the force by which a man maintains his rights of possession is his own strong right arm or his skill with a gun. In modern society, however, it is the government. It is very evident that even the Constitution of the United States was framed by property-holders in the interest of property-holders and that the American government was set up to safeguard property rights.* In all countries the civil state is the mailed fist of those who own, and more particularly of society's dominant owning group. Its pressure is felt through the laws in behalf of the sanctity of private property, and through all the judicial machinery of our system, the policeman with his club, the judge, the prison, the gallows, and always as last resort, the soldier with his gun. This system constitutes a legal right and power not only to imprison or in some other way to menace, but even to kill those who disregard property rights and attempt theft or confiscation. The first purpose of a government is not to keep out the invader but to keep down the slave. It is directed not so much against those abroad as against those at home who might rebel against exploitation. It exists to make revolt seem so hopeless that hunger will drive the expropriated masses to sell themselves into the employ of those who own all those things without which the rest of the people cannot exist. It serves to force all the spirit of discontent to flow through the established channels of "law and order" which the wealthy have always set up in their own interest and control in their own interest to this day. And if the suffering of the poor and their outraged sense of justice pass beyond endurance and a strike occur or a more general uprising, the strong arm of the State is ever at hand to crush it, with a free use of policemen's clubs, of tear-gas, wholesale and arbitrary arrests, and the removal of leaders by imprisonment—if that is sufficient; and if it is *not* sufficient, then by death-bombs, machine-guns and bayonets. This last degree of force in support of the rights of property is not ordinarily seen, but it is always at hand ready to be called forth. Ordinarily it sleeps very quietly behind smart uniforms and the impressive gown of the judge, behind the gravest decorum and the general acceptance of familiar procedure, but, as with the tiger, underneath the softness of its paws are hidden terrible claws and those who seriously menace the property rights which it is set to guard will not fail to feel them and to be torn by them.

Now what is the meaning of all this for the ordinary private citizen who owns property but who is always kind to his family and neighbors, is always generous in his gifts to church and charity, who would never think of keeping a gun about the house and who may even believe in non-resistance?

(To be concluded)

WILLIAM G. SIMPSON.

*(See Charles A. Beard: "An Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" and "The Rise of the American Civilization," Vol. I. Also James Oneal: "The Workers in American History," Chap. VIII.)

Men and Gods

We stand here, men! We need no gods!
We sing of life made full and sweet.
We're sons of earth who turn its sods
To summer's sun and winter's sleet.

These lands can feast a hardy race,
Set free from fear, made free for love,
Whose zest in life will bring apace
Brave sons unmoved by realms above.

This earth their home! This earth their grave!
This life their heav'n, its joys and woes!
Right here they'll damn, and here they'll save;
And lose or gain from man's old foes.

Let no wrong faith of ours retard
This race grown up from slime and scum.
If they choose gods when life goes hard,
They'll make them, break them, while gods come.

No gods of ours will fit their needs;
Our fallen gods who maim the soul;
Our gods too small for strong men's deeds;
These Christs and Buddhas slaves cajole!

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

The Study Table

Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

When England Plunged

No more important document has been published in recent years than the statement of Lord Morley on the events leading up to the entrance of England into the Great War.* This is the statement which has been so eagerly, even feverishly awaited all these years. It was known that Morley had written down his story immediately after his retirement with John Burns from the Asquith Cabinet on August 4, 1914. But the great Englishman had been steadily unwilling that the narrative should be published during his lifetime, and probably during the lifetime of his honored chief. So he left it to the care of his nephew who has now at last seen fit to give it to the world.

It would be a pleasure to dilate on the literary excellencies of this paper. It is a matchless piece of writing—sober, restrained, clear, and filled with that sort of sombre beauty which so characterized the best Victorian style. We have here John Morley at his best, than which we know no higher praise.

But we are concerned in this place not with literature, but with history. What does Morley tell about the facts of the pre-war situation in England—the influences and forces that dragged the United Kingdom into the struggle between Austria and Russia? Certain very definite things!

First, that it was the *Entente* with France that was the decisive factor in the situation. England was caught in the diplomatic web of understandings, conversations, promises and half-promises that Asquith and Grey had been weaving for a dozen years. England was not bound to France. Oh, no! Grey insisted to the last, in those fateful Cabinet meetings on August 1st, 2nd and 3rd, that "we were left perfectly free whether we would assist France by armed force. We were not committed"—except by a "point of honor" which was more binding, from the standpoint of Grey's interpretation of the case, than any formal pledge though signed and sealed by all the great seals in the world! England, in other words, was not the "master of (her) fate" in this supreme crisis in the history of mankind. In spite of every denial in Cabinet and Parliament, England was bound by the *Entente*. She entered the Great War because she was a pledged member of one of "those two great confederacies" on the existence of which Grey had "more than once congratulated Europe . . . as healthily preserving the balance of power." "Balance," cries Morley, in one of the few passages in his statement dominated by strong feeling. "What a beautiful euphemism for the picture of two giant groups armed to the teeth, each in mortal terror of the other, both of them passing year after year in an incurable fever of jealousy and suspicion!"

So England went into the War because she was a member of the military alliance pledged to fight Germany in the interest of Russia. This sort of policy lay not in the range either of Morley's statesmanship or moral principle.

Secondly, this document rivets the final bolt in the historical judgment, already forged, that Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality had no part in determining Britain's action, but was used only as a convenient cloak to hide the diplomatic skeleton which neither Asquith nor Grey had the courage, nor the effrontery, to reveal to the English people. Had the real character of the understanding with France been revealed, the Asquith Cabinet would not have lasted an hour. Something must be found to give England a soundly moral reason for doing what she had to do, anyway, and Germany came along and presented just what was wanted. The invasion of Belgium! "Belgium was up to this date," says Morley, "and in truth up to the morning of August 3rd, when Grey had to set out his whole case in the House of Commons, secondary to the pre-eminent controversy of the Anglo-French *Entente*." Later on he writes, "The Belgian question took its place in today's discussion, but even now only a secondary place." It was a matter, in other words, of no decisive importance. Again, "The precipitate and peremptory blaze about Belgium was due less to indignation at the violation of a treaty, than to natural perception of the plea that it would furnish on behalf of France, for expeditionary force, and all the rest of it." Just so! The Belgian cry was dishonest from the first moment that it was lifted. It was the first, as it was the greatest and most successful of the myths about the War.

Thirdly, there is the awful revelation in this statement of the character of Lloyd George. Nothing is more impressive in this document than Morley's fairness to his colleagues with whom he so emphatically disagreed. He is especially generous to Lord Grey, for whom he plainly had great affection and regard. The Foreign Secretary and Asquith were treading false paths, but they were consistent with their own records since the day of "the old cleavage between the Liberal League and the faithful Campbell-Bannerman," they were loyal to one another and to their colleagues, and they were meeting a supreme crisis with thought only for England and Europe. But Lloyd George! To Morley's calmly discerning eye it was obvious every moment that the Chancellor was considering "the main chance"—namely, his own political fortunes. At one moment Lloyd George was with Morley and Burns, and Harcourt, in declaring that war was intolerable, and England must keep out. At other moments, he was wavering. When the final decision had to be rendered, he sided with Asquith. Always it was "demagogic calculations" that were at work—now the thought that "his 'stock' had sunk dangerously low (and), peace might be the popular card . . . "; now the dream that he might ride the storm of war, and become the nation's hero. Already, before the War broke, there had begun in Lloyd George's mind the foul conspiracy that led to Asquith's fall two years later. Lord Morley strives hard to be fair to this man, whose "motives," so different fom his own clear allegiance to duty, he calls "a riddle." But all through this statement is the certain evidence of his contempt for a man who would use the greatest crisis of human history for the advancement of his own petty personal interests as a politician. His conduct, says Morley, was "the politics of adventure," for which "the German ultimatum to Belgium" was used as "a sufficiently plausible excuse." To see Lloyd George thus portrayed

*"On the Eve of Catastrophe," by Lord Morley. Published in the *New Republic*, October 10, 1928.

against the background of "Honest John" Morley's unstriving rectitude, is an experience. We think we shall not be far wrong in saying that Lord Morley's word constitutes a final judgment upon his colleague.

What is at the end most impressive in this *apologia pro vita sua* is the accuracy with which Morley read and forecast events. He made some mistaken minor prophecies—as in his suggestion that "if there is a war, Winston will beat Lloyd George hollow." He did not realize the range and power of the Welshman's unscrupulosity! But in all great things, he was right. The war was a bad war—English diplomacy was leading by a blind trail to a calamitous end. In this most terrific of all crises, Morley had only his moral sense to guide him, and the strength to obey this moral sense. It gives one a fresh confidence in the integrity of the universe to discover that what this great man saw only with the eye of conscience is now abundantly confirmed by a study and weighing of the facts. John Morley was right, because the right is always right.

The Community Church

This little volume*, written by a man who has done much unselfish work for the community church movement, is a useful, if not particularly impressive, handbook: It reveals amazing facts about the spread of the community idea in religion. Ten years ago, community churches were just being heard of here and there. Five years ago, in 1922-23, it was estimated that there were 831 community churches in the country, "including denominational, undenominational, and federated types." In April, 1926, this list had grown to 1,170 churches; and in April, 1927, to a total of 1,296. This represents "an increase of more than 1,100 per cent" in the space of a decade. Has any religious phenomenon in American history ever compared with this?

The development in numbers has been matched by a development in understanding and distinctive character. Originally the community church was only another name for the union or federated church, and represented little more than a negative protest against denominationalism. This aspect of the movement is still prominent, as it is in rural sections that the community church flourishes as a successor to, or survivor of, the dead or dying sectarian institution. Thus, in the 1,296 community churches listed today, no less than 1,066 are in villages of 2,500 population or less, or in the open country, and most of these, says Dr. Piper, "are of the federated type." But latterly, and more especially in the 116 city and suburban churches, the community movement has taken on a more fundamental and positive character. "The community is (now) conceived as, potentially at least, a spiritual organism, and the organization (church) is conceved as the means by which that organism functions." In other words, "the church is the community functioning spiritually." This is a revolutionary principle. Its farthest implications, if understood and rigorously applied, would give us a second Reformation infinitely more destructive and constructive than the first. Dr. Piper touches upon these implications, but does not follow them through. He is perhaps wise in realizing that the average community church is not ready for the full revelation of what it is really doing. But the dynamite is all around, and it is going to blow up fast.

Dr. Piper has valuable chapters on the organization and conduct of community churches. He publishes specimen constitutions and covenants and certificates of membership. His book comes at just the right time to quicken and guide the expansion of the most significant religious development of our time.

*"Community Churches," by David R. Piper. Published by Willett, Clark & Colby. Chicago. $1.50.

A Pacifist Novel

Every review which I have read of this book* has referred to it as a German parallel to Henri Barbusse's unforgettable "Under Fire." This is perhaps an inevitable comparison. "Way of Sacrifice" lacks the epic quality of the French masterpiece—it is not so long, so stupendous, so overwhelming. But within its compass it is as vivid, and its material, or subject, is the same.

The origin of the book is almost as interesting as the book itself. During the War, the German High Command wanted a story which they could distribute among the soldiers—and among civilians, too, for that matter—to inspire them with the glory and splendor of defending their native land. They selected for the job of authorship a man who had reputation not only as a writer, but also as an officer and a gentleman, a true-blue militaristic junker. But von Unruh, by some miracle, had a mind—and a humane spirit. Like Barbusse, also a soldier, he had learned the truth about the War; and, like Barbusse again, he seized opportunity to tell it. It must have been a sight for the gods when the German General Staff received this book and read it. I begin to understand, now, what happened to the Kaiser's High Command in those last disastrous months of fighting. The field marshals saw this book, and those that did not drop dead were paralyzed for life, and the German army, suddenly left leaderless, was beaten! Of course, nobody outside the General Headquarters ever saw the book; and it has waited now ten years since the overthrow of the Kaiser to find a publisher.

Like "Under Fire," this book follows a group of soldiers and petty officers from the rear to the fighting and dying at the front. The scene in this case is Verdun, and the divisions of the book tell the tale—"Advance," "Trenches," "Storm," and "Way of Sacrifice." The soldiers are a schoolmaster, an actor, a drummer, a waiter, a captain, a sergeant, and a cadet. They are heroes none of them—just ordinary men subjected to the demoralizations and sufferings of war. We see their outward experiences of horror, and their inward reflections of terror, disgust and revolt. Cold, hunger, vice, pain are matched by doubts, fears, anguish, and madness. It is a frightful picture. Get every mother's son of us—and every mother, too—to read this book, and we would need no treaties to outlaw war.

It is regrettable that so powerful a book should be so abominably translated. The English version of the German text is as literal, as awkward, and frequently as meaningless as a schoolboy's translation of Cicero. This makes it a terrifically hard book to read. But the result is well worth the effort.

*"Way of Sacrifice," by Fritz von Unruh. Published by Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Field

'The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA, INCORPORATED

Legal Office: Wilmington, Delaware; Head Office: Shanghai, China

A STATEMENT

One year has passed since my father, Gilbert Reid, was taken out of this life, having given forty-five years to helping China, and it seems a fitting time to urge his friends, many of them one-time members of his work in China, to renew their membership or to support in some other way the work known as the International Institute of China, Incorporated.

My father went to China as a missionary in 1882; in 1894 he retired from the support of his home board in order to begin a new mission in China, among the higher classes, as his home board declined to sanction such a plan. Today all home boards are only too glad to claim "higher classes" among their membership in China; but, in the meantime, the way had been pointed by my father's independent mission, which in 1897 was officially sanctioned by the Chinese Government as the International Institute, devoted to the promotion of learning and harmony between Chinese and other nationals, between Christians and other faiths. Next year will be the thirty-fifth anniversary of the work launched by my father from the United States.

Today "the Institute" carries on active work and owns property in land and buildings in Shanghai, China. It has always been known as a pioneer in starting movements to knit closer together the peoples of the world; often the effect has been disappointing, because the movements, being new, were resisted; but the result has been that the movements have gradually been accepted by the public and adopted as its own. Thus, while the Institute has not always reaped the harvest it has sown, there has been the satisfaction of seeing a good harvest enjoyed by a public which at first would have nothing of it.

During the past year since my father's death in the hospital at Shanghai, the Institute work and organization have been altered to meet the new condition caused by the loss of its founder and director. As the Institute has no "home board" in any country, nor any paid staff of secretaries to raise funds for work to be carried on, a budget had to be made that would prevent a deficit in running expenses, and the decision was taken to cut down the paid staff to minimum requirements. Thus, today only Chinese receive salaries from the Institute for work as staff members, while all officers, trustees and others who assist in perpetuating the Institute do so free of charge.

At present the Institute, in its legal status as a corporation, has no formal head, since the nominee of the trustees to succeed my father has not been able to accept appointment as a president, while the elected honorary president, China's former President, General Li Yuan-hung, died shortly after being notified of his election by the Chinese members of the Institute. However, the governing body of the Institute, the trustees, functions in Shanghai, where also the two treasurers and supervisors of work of the Institute reside, while the secretary resides in the United States, owing to his removal in July to America. An honorary vice-president, Dr. Miles M. Dawson, and honorary trustees of the Institute are located in New York City, and in the United States and China respectively. An American advisory committee, with an executive of several members, also is located in the United States, with headquarters in New York.

The branches of work carried on under auspices of the Institute are the general office, meeting and reading rooms; the library, devoted particulary to literature of different religions; the International Journal, published at least once a year; the Institue School for Poor Children; and the Institute Hospital for Women and Children. Headquarters for this work are at the Institute property in Shanghai, 318 Avenue Joffre and 831-B Avenue Edouard VII.

The supervisor of work carried on at Shanghai is Dr. R. A. Parker, director of Chinese studies for the municipal council of the International Settlement of Shanghai, with an excellent command of the Chinese language; while a Chinese associate supervisor, Mr. Wong I-ding, who is also joint treasurer and a trustee of the Institute, is a prominent member of commercial, artistic, and philanthropic circles in Shanghai. Dr. Parker is the other joint treasurer and is also a trustee. The other trustees are Messrs. R. T. Bryan, Jr. (American lawyer), J. L. Cowen (American publisher), Hah Shao-fu (Chinese Mohammedan merchant and art collector), M. Hoerter (German merchant), with Mr. F. Viccajee (Parsee merchant from British India) as proxy.

The school is managed by a committee of three Chinese appointed by the Institute trustees and members, while the staff of teachers consists also entirely of Chinese. Elementary classes in Chinese are given, with either nominal charges or free tuition for Chinese boys and girls. Mr. Chao Shih-chun, a for-

Correspondence

A Green Pasture

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed find check for $3.00 for my renewal.

Emerson says: "The man has never lived that can feed us ever."

UNITY is still a green pasture for me. I boomed into Florida in 1925 with disastrous results financially. Had to drop such dearly loved magazines as "Survey Graphic," "The World Tomorrow," "The American Friend," "The Flower Grower," but UNITY like food and clothing I had to have. I like the quotation in the last number, Jesus and Emerson by Wm. Ellery Leonard. Why not give us a sermon by John Haynes Holmes occasionally? Lyman Abbott's sermons in "The Outlook" years ago helped to make it one of the best magazines.

Glens Falls, N. Y. JOHN T. REYNOLDS

Considerate Advertising

Editor of UNITY:

The letter of Frank Oliver Hall in your issue of November 5, 1928, is to me the answer of a long-felt desire and conviction. I recall distinctly that on our wedding journey through the East in 1907 my wife and I were scandalized at the outrageous indifference of the bill board advertisers, especially in the neighborhood of New York, to the rights of tourists and others who love natural beauty. I felt then as I feel now, and as I have said in print before, that the nuisance could be stopped if a handful of determined people would organize for a discriminating boycott of all goods offensively advertised, whether on bill boards or in other noxious ways. There is needed such an organization, and though I am busy enough with other, and in many respects more important concerns, I will heartily cooperate in pushing such a work. Half the battle in any such movement is in getting a good name and a right slogan, and I suggest, with all due deference to other and better suggestions which may be made, the *"Considerate Advertising League,"* with *"Considerate Advertising"* as its slogan. Later I may have some suggestions to make as to the range of program which such a League should follow. I am ready to put in a dollar as a beginning of the fund wherewith the movement may be gotten on its way.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

La Crescenta, California.

Faith in Nations?

Editor of UNITY:

In his Armistice Day address President Coolidge delares that the Kellogg treaty to outlaw war "is the most complete and will be the most effective instrument for peace that was ever devised." Adjuring his fellow men to join him in this confidence he continues in glowing words: "The whole scheme of human society, the whole progress of civilization, requires that we should have faith in men and in nations. There is no other positive power on which we could rely. All the values that have been created, all the progress that has been made, declare that our faith is justified."

Therefore we require more heavy cruisers. . . . . May we suggest that this new fleet be christened, "Defenders of Our Faith in Men and Nations."

Denver, Colo. F. S. KINDER

mer student at the Institute school years ago, and Mr. Hah Bih-yuan, grandson of Trustee Had, head the staff.

The hospital is managed by an executive committee, including two trustees of the Institute, assisted by a superintendent and a regular staff. Dr. Parker and Mr. Wong I-ding are the Institute trustees of the committee, while Dr. Ethel S. M Chang, head of the Concord Women's Hospital at Shanghai, is superintendent of the Institute hospital. Most of the running expenses are met for the hospital by Chinese friends.

The death in July of Mr. Chien Woosung, a former student at the Institute and for many years assistant to my father at Shanghai, caused a vacancy in the headquarters' staff that will not easily be filled. Mr. Chien was in charge of the general office, meeting and readings rooms, and the library, and he also assisted the treasurers by drawing up the semi-annual financial reports for the Institute; his knowledge and familiarity with Institute routine business cannot be equaled, and his sudden death was a hard blow, especially at a time when new personnel had entered upon duties at the Institute and needed his assistance. The retirement shortly before Mr. Chien's death of another staff member, Mr. Chou Kai-yang, owing to serious illness, makes the vacancy all the more keenly felt.

For the Institute to prosper and to extend its influence and work, it is necessary to retain its present membership and to increase it. Every contribution, whether of money in fees and donations or of assistance in effort and support, for the Institute will be doubly appreciated at this time. I sincerely hope my father's friends may be ready to renew their friendship for his work in some way. During his long months in the hospital last year he spent much time in writing letters to old friends to support his work, despite the chaos of civil war and anarchic conditions in China. Membership fees now are only $5.00, $2.50 and $1.00 U. S. currency, respectively, and contributors are always free to designate any particular branch of Institute work which they wish to assist; otherwise fees will go into the general expense account and be used according to the decision of the trustees at Shanghai.

In making this appeal, I am happy to have the support of my mother and my sister, who are also here in Berkeley.

JOHN GILBERT REID,
Secretary, International Institute of China, Inc.

Honorary Members of the Institute:

Mr. William G. Low, of New York; the Hon. J. V. A. MacMurray, United States Minister to China; Mr. Yen Tsze-chun, of Shanghai; Lord Li Chingfong, of Dairen; Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D. D., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A PLATFORM FOR CHURCH UNION

[This platform was offered by Dr. Lewis J. Reed, General Secretary of the National Congregational Ministerial Boards in a recent address before the General Conference of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut—Editor.]

"I acknowledge and lament the divided state of Protestantism.

"I cherish a hope for the reunion of Christendom.

"I gladly maintain an attitude of good-will and co-operation toward all communions.

"I insist on the validity and value of my communion in the work of universal Christianity.

"In a universal Christianity a place must be found for free, liberal evangelical principles.

"Out of regard both for my own intellectual integrity and for the final largest good of my fellow-men I will be loyal without sectarianism to the communion to which I belong."

"These declarations," Dr. Reed said, "constitute for me a platform for sincere and honest Christian procedure.

"I do not disparage the past, from which the divisions in Protestantism are an inheritance. Every great church of the present day had its origin in a wide and deep movement of the human spirit. He is no student of history who minimizes the value and validity of those movements in which, we may frankly confess, political and social ambitions played their part as well as purely spiritual aspirations. You can never make progress toward a just and permanent blending of Christian communions by disparaging or discounting the essential contributions that all communions have made.

"The growing longing for reunion is a pure and holy desire. It is an expression of the increasing benevolence of the human mind as well as an attempt to fulfill the desire of Christ. Every Congregationalist of good-will will labor and pray and watch for that fulfillment. I can find in my own mind or in the attitude of my denomination nothing that wars against universal Christian fellowship."

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